THE NATION

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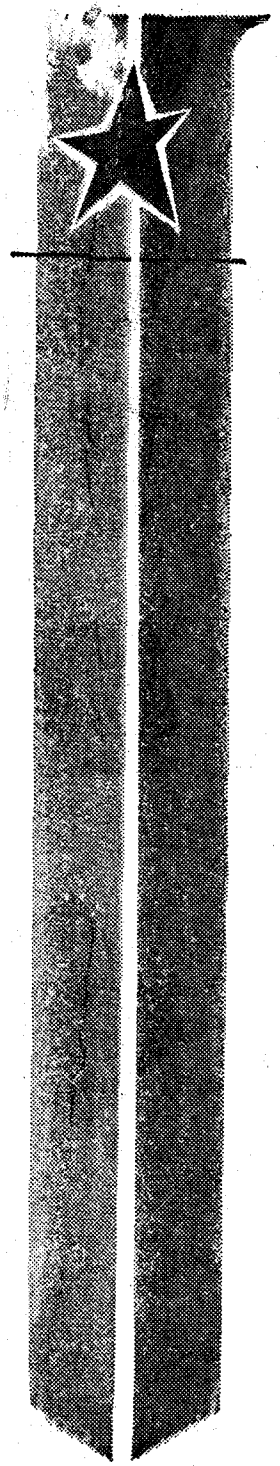

Haunting the Hiss Case

GHOST of a TYPEWRITER

Fred J. Cook

The Case Against Tests

8 SCIENTISTS DISPUTE TELLER

James R. Newman

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LETTERS

Russians Are No Different

Dear Sirs: Lord Taylor, in his review of Vakar's book *The Taproot of Soviet Society* (*The Nation,* April 28), says: "Many observers have remarked on the docility of the Russian masses in the face of tyranny." But this view is surely inconsistent with the record of Russian history: one need only recall the great rebellions of Razin and Pugachev (to say nothing of minor revolts), the endemic peasant disorders of the last century, the revolutions of 1905 and 1917, and in our own day the bitter resistance of a large section of the peasantry to Stalin's forced collectivization. And what appears to an outside observer as docility may often be found on closer examination to involve a large measure of mass support.

The attempts to explain events in Soviet Russia in terms of some mysterious quality of the Russian national character are largely futile. The great impact of Dostoevsky in the West is due precisely to the fact that he delved deeply into the general human soul, not any special "Russian soul." What happened in Dostoevsky's Russian prison, in the quotation from Maurice Baring, could have happened anywhere. And the authoritarianism of the Russian peasant family has its counterpart in all peasant societies, as Lord Taylor recognizes. A more important factor in the origins of Russian communism, as has been pointed out by many writers, was the communal organization of Russian villages (the so-called "*Mir*" system); but this was a matter of social organization rather than "soul" or national character.

The Russia of today must be understood as the result of a unique historical process. The Russians, as people, are no different from anyone else; and they are now engaged in painfully solving the same eternal human problems, in the context of a Socialist society.

A. V. BUSHKOVITCH

Kirkwood, Mo.

The New Taboo?

Dear Sirs: I would like to comment on what seems to me a distortion in Frederick R. Karl's excellent essay, "Pursuit of the Real" (*Nation,* April 21): when he writes that "In these American novels, work has become, in fact, almost a taboo."

I think that by restricting himself to a group of novelists who merely happen to have published recently and treating them all more or less on a level— Katherine Anne Porter, for instance, still writes very much in the spirit of the twenties, C. P. Snow and Moravia of the early thirties—Mr. Karl has created some needless confusions for himself. If Snow's work in its bulk shows an enormous, obsessive concern with jobs and job morality, Malamud's *A New Life,* a thoroughly American and contemporary work, is no less concerned with the same issues. . . .

How often has a character's job been of much weight in a novel? In *Middlemarch, Arrowsmith, Captains Courageous* and a few others, the leading characters seek fulfillment chiefly in their jobs—these are *romans de métier* in a sense—but in nearly all the great novels of the last three centuries the characteristic movement has been the image of a man freeing himself from bondage to job morality narrowly conceived.

You can go back as far as Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* and *Lucien Leuwen* and find a devastating skepticism about job morality. In this respect, aristocratic and proletarian minds joined hands. But that the best twentieth-century novelists are indifferent to *work* as a test of character is quite untrue. Malamud's *A New Life* is so concerned with professional ethics that at least one good critic (John Hollander in *Partisan Review*) has called it the best college novel yet written. . . . The novelists, American or otherwise, who deny outright the value of work or of a disciplined, humane will are so few and minor as to be negligible.

Cambridge, Mass. R. W. FLINT

Dear Sirs: Mr. Flint minimizes the fact that from Defoe on, the novel has been concerned with man's relationship to his work, and that most novelists until the present century saw in work the way for the individual to gain nourishment and even attain happiness. We can find innumerable examples of this attitude, Dickens (*Great Expectations, David Copperfield*), among others, including even the female novelists. The departure from this generally accepted assumption begins with the break from the realistic novel, until at present even many realistic novelists accept a disparaging view of work. It is principally a twentieth-century phenomenon.

As for Stendhal, the example is excellent, but Stendhal is mocking excessive romanticism and satirizing job morality that is really job immorality, actually quite a different thing from Mr. Flint's "devastating skepticism." When we come to Malamud's *A New Life,* I believe Mr. Flint has possibly taken straight what I took to be ironical. I thought Malamud's S. Levin sought fulfillment in his work only to have the author show us how impossible such a commitment is, given the structure of academia. Consequently, at the end Levin runs away, virtually a fugitive from the college, saddled with a pregnant woman and her two children, hardly a man who has found professional life satisfactory.

FREDERICK R KARL

New York City

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Jane Stolle, United Nations Correspondent
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1962
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Now the Rainbow Bomb

To the uranium bomb, the hydrogen bomb, the neutron bomb, there is now added the effulgence of the rainbow bomb. In a *New York Times* article (April 30) by Walter Sullivan, starting on page 1 and occupying most of page 2, the prospective wonders of the rainbow bomb are described. It will be an ordinary hydrogen bomb, but because it is to be exploded 500 miles above the Pacific, unusual effects are expected. One is a vast arc of auroral light which may be visible as far as Los Angeles, 3,400 miles away. This will be great fun for children and adults alike, but the scientists and military engineers naturally have other objectives in mind. They expect the high-altitude explosion to black out trans-Pacific communications for several hours at least. This will not please the short-wave communications companies, but scientists with other interests than military are even more concerned about another aspect of the experiment. With remarkable insouciance, the sponsors explain that the explosion should distort the earth's magnetic field within a sphere of 500 miles radius, forcing the high-energy particles out of space into the atmosphere and making something of a shambles of the Van Allen belt.

The belt has been known for only the past few years, since the International Geophysical Year, and is currently under intensive study by astronomers, physicists and other scientists. Some scientists think the belt may reconstitute itself in a few hours; others estimate it may take a century. The difference between these extremes shows how little is actually known about what there is in space and how it behaves. It also explains why many scientists are vehemently opposed to the rainbow bomb, as they are to the swarm of dipoles which U.S. military scientists are preparing to sow in space. Sir Bernard Lovell, head of Britain's radio-astronomy station at Jodrell Bank, said he was appalled. Scientists who are searching for a basic understanding of the nature of the solar system "will be filled with dismay," he declared. "The operators of this project should be restrained by all possible means from this presumption of moral right to interfere with the environment of the earth." It might be that even Professor Edward P. Ney and Assistant Professor Paul J. Kellogg, who originally proposed the experiment, would feel some qualms about this aspect.

It will be a pleasant surprise if Sir Bernard and his colleagues get anywhere with their objections. The Pentagon and the AEC are at last launched on the series of explosions for which they yearned so long in vain. They are backed by Dr. James A. Van Allen, discoverer of the belt, who no doubt is moved by the same curiosity about its anatomy as is the father about his newborn child. But the fact remains that outer space, even apart from its military significance, cannot be considered the private laboratory of any one nation, far less any one man. Outer space is a universal laboratory in the truest sense of the word, and all mankind has a vested interest in the way its immeasurable potentialities — for good or evil — are handled. The American decision to explode the equivalent of a million tons or more of dynamite in this laboratory presses home, as nothing else could, the need for early conclusion of an international agreement controlling the rights to its use.

The Labor-Management Report

The case for a new approach to labor disputes threatening national health or safety has been repeatedly demonstrated; existing procedures are both inadequate and inefficient. A strong twenty-one-man Presidential advisory committee, made up of able management, labor and public members, has now given virtually unanimous approval to a set of recommendations (Henry Ford II dissented from a portion of the committee's report and Thomas Kennedy, of the United Mine Workers, did not take part in the deliberations).

The recommendations pivot on the sound assumption that the key problem is to provide an assortment of remedies for the limited category of critical situations in which intervention is necessary so that a flexible approach may be taken at any and all stages of the dispute. The "last-offer" ballot of the Taft-Hartley Act would be eliminated; the Mediation Service would be strengthened and, if necessary, the President would be authorized to appoint a fact-finding board on the rec-

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ommendation of the service's director. The board would represent the public (although, in certain cases, the committee suggests that it would be wise to include members with labor or industry background) and could be appointed at any stage in the negotiations at the discretion of the President. The President could direct the board to hold a hearing on the question of whether an interruption, or threatened interruption, in any industry did in fact threaten national health and safety. And on receipt of the board's report, the President could direct the parties to continue or resume operations, in whole or in part, until a settlement had been reached—but in no case for longer than eighty days. The President's declaration of such an emergency could be reviewed in the courts at the instance of either party. At the end of eighty days, if no settlement had been reached, the President could refer the matter to Congress.

This last provision was recommended by W. H. Davis in an article in *The Nation* (November 21, 1959). It is a wise provision, first, because both labor and management will always be chary about forcing a dispute before the Congress: who knows what Congress might do, under varying circumstances, at different times, under conflicting pressures? Clearly the expectation is that this final remedy will seldom if ever be invoked. But—and this is the second reason why the provision is a wise one— if a final reserve power must be created (and it probably should), then Congress, made up of the elected representatives of all the people, is about as safe a place as any in which to vest it.

Both labor and management recognize that any government will, under certain circumstances, be forced to intervene nowadays in critical labor disputes; the hue and cry that goes up from the public for settlement is irresistible in a complex interrelated society. Any plan of intervention will be less than ideal, but some method there must be, and the Committee's recommendations are as good as any that have been suggested. It is certainly in no one's interest that an Administration, left without workable remedies, should be forced to engage in what *The Wall Street Journal* has called "hip-pocket weaponry." The question is: Will Congress support this sensible reform of the none-too-satisfactory Taft-Hartley Act?

Deep in the Heart of Texas

In a democracy such as ours there is always room for differences of opinion, and Billie Sol Estes is no exception. In the New York *Herald Tribune* (May 2), Roscoe Drummond is sure hard on Billie Sol: "The shoddy, surreptitious, 'I've got the influence' manipulations of the indicted Texas millionaire . . . have reached such proportions that Congress cannot afford to delay long before it authorizes a full-scale, uninhibited investigation." But in Pecos, Texas, where Billie Sol was the leading citizen and not long ago named one of the ten outstanding young men in the country, there are those who still love him. "I don't condone what he did," one fellow entrepreneur opines, "but you have to remember too that he did a lot of good in developing the farm area around here"—bringing in natural gas, for instance, and "foreign" (out-of-state) capital. He was a pillar of the church and quoted the Bible on every occasion. He was a farmer himself, as well as a financier, and the proprietor of an elegant funeral home. But no one has yet called attention to Billie Sol's lasting claim to fame, which will be remembered after his trial or trials (he is out on $100,000 bail on one federal charge) are forgotten. The fact is that Billie Sol was a great inventor in the field of economics: what he did with installment credit, no man had done before him. And it is a safe bet that no one will do it after him, at least not quite in that way.

Billie Sol, according to the indictment, would go to the honest tiller of the soil and say he wanted to use his credit for gainful purposes. He would then sell the farmer one or more anhydrous ammonia tanks to fertilize his cotton fields. One farmer signed up for 1,573 tanks for a total indebtedness of $1,677,676. This would fertilize several counties and the farmer didn't have even a million, but that was all right, his credit was good. Besides, Billie Sol immediately leased back the tanks for the same amount the farmer had agreed to pay. Best of all, there were no tanks, except on paper. But since they did exist on paper, they could be mortgaged, and these chattel mortgages Billie Sol sold to some of the biggest finance companies in the country. The finance companies charged Billy Sol something like 40 per cent interest, the farmer got 10 per cent for signing his name, and Billie Sol built himself a nice nest egg by his invention. In Reeves County alone, of which Pecos is the metropolis, there were, according to the federal indictment, some 15,000 non-existent but mortgaged ammonia tanks, and the total credit thus generated was $14,500,000.

What seems to make Mr. Drummond sore is that Billie Sol was renamed to the National Cotton Advisory Committee by Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman and gave $17 shirts and $12 neckties to Washington bureaucrats. In Texas, they are less suspicious. "I trusted him," one farmer says. "We all did. . . . I didn't read the contract. In Texas we don't do things that way. When you trust a man, that's all." But now nobody trusts Billie Sol any more.

The Straw That Broke the Camelback

In *Some of My Best Friends* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy), Benjamin R. Epstein and Arnold Forster tell a story about the Camelback Inn of Phoenix, Arizona,

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and its manager, Jack Stewart. In December, 1956, Louis S. Vosburgh, president of the Lincoln Institute in Cleveland, decided to take a ten-day vacation in Arizona and wrote to the Camelback for reservations. Mr. Stewart wrote back, asking if Mr. Vosburgh "would be kind enough to give us your church and club affiliations." A long correspondence ensued, in the course of which it became clear that what Mr. Stewart really wanted to know was whether the Vosburghs were Jews. It happens they were not, but they decided to vacation elsewhere.

Last year, according to Epstein and Forster, the Camelback management stated in writing that "religion is not and will not be the criterion" with respect to their guests. Judging by the experience of Inez Robb, however, the spirit of Jesus has still not entered the Camelback consciousness. Mrs. Robb is a columnist for the New York *World-Telegram* of the Scripps-Howard chain. She and her husband checked into the Camelback in advance of a lunch speech before the Arizona Association of Women Deans and Counselors, which was holding a convention at the hotel. In her room, Mrs. Robb said, she found an anti-Communist pamphlet by Dr. Fred C. Schwarz, the well-known Australian-born Red-hunter. "It was the first time in my life," Mrs. Robb said, "that I had gone into an American hotel and found that the gospel according to Mr. Schwarz had been substituted for the great King James Bible." At the lunch, she attacked the John Birch Society "and their ilk." She was careful to explain that she was not attacking the Republican Party or the "far Right." "My husband is a Republican," she said. But after her speech, while she was autographing books in a nearby store, Jack Stewart, Jr., son of the hotel's owner, appeared in the Robb quarters and told Mr. Robb that he and his wife had five minutes to get out. The elder Mr. Stewart later explained that he had devoted much time to the anti-Communist crusade and had been very upset by Mrs. Robb's speech.

Theoretically, the rabid rightist may hate Communists, pinks, progressives, etc., and still love Jews (and Negroes) as his fellow men. Practically, it does not seem to work out that way. It is to be noted, for instance, that Dr. Schwarz, so much admired by Mr. Stewart, asserts that his Christian Anti-Communist Crusade is not anti-Semitic—but it does not solicit Jewish membership.

Meanwhile, we await with interest some editorial comment from the *World-Telegram*—and others of the powerful Scripps-Howard papers that carry Mrs. Robb's column—on the edifying spectacle of one of their star writers being pushed out of a hotel. Such a protest might well prove the straw that broke the Camelback. Alas, so far it has not yet been forthcoming.

THE CASE AGAINST TESTS

Eight Scientists Dispute Teller . . *by James R. Newman*

THE INVENTOR—or at least so we are told—of that clever thing, the H-bomb, has just gotten a hiding in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which I hope will be widely noticed. The occasion was a reply to three articles which the *Post* ran in February, taken from *The Legacy of Hiroshima*, a book by Dr. Edward Teller and a chap who is his literary amanuensis, Allen Brown. These set forth Teller's views on what we ought to do about what is called the "nuclear dilemma," that is, staying alive in spite of the helping hand our country is giving to survival. The reply, an article by eight scientists—professors at Harvard, Cornell and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—is of unexampled severity; by comparison, F. R. Leavis' recent blistering attack on C. P. Snow is like putting Sir Charles in his Dr. Dentons, hugging him and letting him sleep in Mummy's bed.

IT IS unnecessary to consider Teller's competence as a physicist, much less the question whether or not he is entitled to the incomparable accolade, "Father of the H-Bomb." The kind of person who believes that Teller cunningly contrived the bomb all by himself—thereby overcoming scoffers, weaklings and neutrons—is the kind of person who believes Edison made electricity; but this is a small matter, and there are not many, I think, who would wish to deprive Teller of this distinction. What is to the point is his competence as a military strategist, political theorist, economist, moral philosopher and prophet; for in all these departments he has expressed his views vehemently—if not always coherently. More or less he has gotten away with this in the academic world, among men who knew that he often didn't know what he was talking about but who lacked the courage to say so; and more, regrettably, rather than less, he has influenced a motley of legislators, government officials, generals, journalists and the like, who didn't know that he didn't know what he was talking about, but cared only that he

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JAMES R. NEWMAN'S most recent books are the two-volume Science and Sensibility *and* The Rule of Folly, *a paperback (both Simon and Schuster). Mr. Newman was counsel to the Senate Committee on Atomic Energy in 1945-46.*

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said what they wanted to hear. In one sphere he has been luridly successful. He has imparted to U. S. nuclear policies a kind of necrophilic, Transylvanian cast, which is reflected in the recent decision by President Kennedy to resume testing.

THE AUTHORS of "An Answer to Teller" have the knowledge to meet him on his own grounds and the courage to show that most of what Teller has to say is, to use his own elegant word (with which he characterizes the moratorium on tests), "idiotic."

A few examples may be permitted of Teller's opinions and of the answers the professors have given in their *Post* article.

"The world," he says, "is not ready for nuclear disarmament, or any other kind of disarmament." Thus he dismisses peremptorily the issue which may determine the fate of mankind, and which for years has had the serious attention of heads of state and of some of the best advisers of our and other governments.

What we need, Teller argues, are more armaments. The authors of the *Post* rebuttal remind us that Hanson Baldwin, distinguished military analyst of *The New York Times*, recently wrote: "What is not clear is what our strategic concept is. When is enough enough? Some 1,200 bombers, 1,200 land-based ICBM's and 656 submarine-launched missiles — each capable of destroying a city — seem to add up to a nuclear 'overkill' capacity, not a finite deterrent. The President speaks of a second-strike capability; yet behind the scenes the advocates of 'pre-emptive attack' are still strong." It is from Teller that they draw their scientific sustenance; for him enough is never enough.

More weapons and civil defense: this is his formula. His program envisages a shelter system "dug in as deep as 200 feet, into which the whole city population of the United States could be crowded on a few minutes' notice." Teller is apt to be a little careless about arithmetic. He estimates the cost of adequate shelters on a nation-wide scale as $20 billion; but according to current estimates, shelters on this scale would cost *ten* times that much. This is 200 or more times what Congress has shown any inclination to spend. Moreover, the shelters would probably take five or ten years to build. The Soviets, it may be assumed, would cheerfully wait for us; after all, they would not have to bury us, but would have the pleasure, at no expense to themselves, of watching us bury ourselves.

Underground we would be safe even if all the structures above ground were razed; disagreeable and inconvenient, but not too serious. What men have built in this country, says Teller, is worth $1,500,000,000,000. Our gross national product is one-third of this, or $500 billion a year. This means, according to Teller, that "our present industrial complex, if replaced, could reproduce all we have in about three years"; and the industrial complex itself could be replaced by the survivors in five years. How a destroyed world could be rebuilt with destroyed machines and tools Teller does not make precisely clear. Also, he appears to have a somewhat imperfect notion of what is meant by the concept of gross national product, which includes the services dependent on "the human skills and the organization of a highly sophisticated society"—obviously as hard to restore or replace after a national catastrophe as, say, the Renaissance or the Golden Age of Greece.

One other point of paramount importance must be noted. There are, as everyone knows, two kinds of nuclear tests, atmospheric and underground. No one, not even Teller and the most dedicated weaponeers, denies that atmospheric tests cannot be concealed. Thus, if this were all that were involved in a test-ban treaty, we could dance a mazurka with the Russians, drink vodka and generously dispense with the inspection requirement to which they are so strongly opposed. Now the truth is that this *is* pretty much the whole story, as Kennedy in effect admitted when he explained his agony-ridden decision to resume testing. Underground tests, as is now perfectly clear, cannot be used effectively for development of the major types of weapons. Atmospheric tests are the thing. They are held in such high regard by those who regard such things highly that the President is willing to risk the condemnation, even the hatred, of the overwhelming majority of mankind just to try out the new toys.

BUT assume for a moment that underground tests are also essential. Here is where Teller comes in. Since 1958, he has led the argument that since it is possible to "cheat" in conducting such tests, a test-ban agreement without inspection is worthless. The claim is that while underground explosions can be picked up by seismographs, the traces of the explosions cannot be distinguished from those of earthquakes, consequently we could never tell whether the Soviets were "cheating." Teller

Vicky: London Express

"Ah, inspection and verification at last!"

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has been acclaimed as a genius for bringing up this point—alike by the eminent seismologists in Congress and such established scientific journals as *Life*.

Alas, the claim has been demolished by the facts. Underground tests, the *Post* authors state flatly, cannot be made detection-proof. Just a couple of months ago, in an experiment called Project Gnome, a small five-kiloton shot—one-fourth the size of the Hiroshima bomb—"was fired deep in a bed of salt material supposedly ideal to muffle and conceal underground bomb tests. Contrary to predictions, this salt-bed shot was picked up and identified as far away as Finland and Japan. Based on published reports, one would estimate the muffling factor to be at least ten times smaller than the factor quoted by Teller in his articles." And, in general, the leading seismologists agree that, while a *single,* very small underground test might possibly be missed, a reasonable surveillance network—not based, of course, in Holy Russia—could not fail to pick up a second or third test and immediately relate these to the first, thus establishing the fact that a series of clandestine tests was under way.

One who pretends that an advantage sufficient to risk jeopardizing a test-ban treaty could be gained by a single underground shot is what Eric Fromm calls a paranoid thinker, a person who is afraid to go to sleep on the chance his faithful spaniel may bite his ear off during the night. And persons who are impressed by the forebodings of paranoid thinkers are deluded victims of mesmerism. Dr. Teller, who asserts that fallout may, for all he knows, be good for you, like a multiple vitamin, and in any case is not worth fretting over, asserts in the same voice that the possibility of the Soviets' getting away with a single underground test explosion requires, lest we be murdered in our beds, that we refuse to enter into a treaty unless it is as invulnerable as Achilles without his heel.

Is it, then, too much to hope that these facts will affect U. S. policies on a test-ban agreement? I am afraid it is too much to hope. The affluent society is not ruled by reason.

AT ANY rate, this rumbling Imhotep has been proved wrong once again. In matters vegetable, animal and mineral, his opinions are worth no more than those of the local mortician. And his military-scientific pronouncements, not to speak of his edicts on civil defense, economics and human psychology are, more often than not, arrant nonsense.

By now Teller's influence should be as dead as Duncan in his grave. Yet it lives. A new blood-letting has been decreed. The Grand Sachem has sanctioned another war dance. The braves may paint their faces, whoop and twitch and holler, whirl their tomahawks, fire their muskets. A roaring bombulation, with flame and smoke, will be heard. The terrible sound of dead men gnawing a dead man in a bottomless abyss, if I may borrow an image from Gogol, is as nothing compared with the sounds men with gold braid, and the fish of the Pacific, will enjoy. These obscene rites are perhaps no more than a recurrent platitude of man's foolish history. But in all this there is a sinister innovation. Hitherto each generation of man has paid for its own crimes and follies, and if the sins of the fathers have been visited on the children, the tragedy has been unintentional. But now, let it be noted, we borrow from the future. We are not content to dine on our own flesh. For their edification, the living consume the lives of the unborn. It is a crime ghouls would be ashamed of. For our children's sake, if not our own, I trust the punishment will not be too severe.

HOW SICK IS THE GOP? . . *by Donald Bruce Johnson*

DURING the months since Senator Margaret Chase Smith (R., Me.) suggested that prominent Republican leaders were seeking to avoid the Presidential nomination for 1964 because they were afraid to run against Mr. Kennedy, a good deal has been spoken and written about the current state of the Republican Party. Some of the commentary is optimistic, much is pessimistic, and nearly all is ambivalent.

DONALD BRUCE JOHNSON, author of The Republican Party and Wendell Willkie *and co-compiler of* National Party Platforms 1840-1960, *teaches political science at the University of Iowa.*

The condition of the GOP may be static, but its Congressional representation is nevertheless occasionally effective as an opposition because of the schism in Democratic ranks.

The optimism in the GOP centers in the fact that its margin of defeat in 1960 was a matter of only a few thousand votes. Party workers also have the reassuring declarations by National Chairman William Miller and former President Eisenhower that all the party needs to win future campaigns are better organization, more aggressive "sales tactics" and a selection of intelligent and dedicated nominees and leaders. Moreover, Governor Rockefeller has cited recent Republican victories in the Fourteenth Congressional District in Michigan and in the Sixth Congressional District in New York, as well as in Buffalo, Utica and the Bronx, as evidence that there is no cause for defeatism—that the people truly desire a program based on self-reliance and economic stability. Finally, the fact that several Republican spokesmen and state organizations have publicly repudiated the John Birch Society—thereby partially disengaging that millstone from the party's neck—has encouraged the GOP faithful to hope for victories in the 1962 elections.

Pessimism is to be found most frequently among party realists and observers who believe in the neces-

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sity of a strong two-party system. James Reston has written that "A major political problem developing in America today is that the balance of power is swinging so heavily against the Republican Party that the GOP will no longer be a vigorous opposition in Washington or in the nation"; Senator Javits recently asserted that the GOP now faces its "most critical challenge since 1932." Recent polls indicate that the party can now count, in any long-term calculation, on a minimum base of no more than 40 per cent, and a maximum of 47 per cent, of the vote. Thus, on the one hand, there is much soul-searching today about the direction the party should take and, on the other, much glossing over of these internal disputes. The GOP is also plagued by a Left-Right split, President Kennedy's rather fabulous popularity, and the fact that its leadership in Congress — where the party's only program is being formulated—has been reflecting a policy that cannot (if history is a guide) obtain a majority of the votes across the country.

Altogether, it is not clear that, barring some unforeseen windfall, the out-party will pick up, in 1962, its traditional advantage in an off-year election. With Richard Nixon at the head of the ticket, forty-seven Republican seats in the House were won by 55 per cent or less of the vote in 1960; and, unless Kennedy's Congress turns out to be a complete flop, Republicans will be hard pressed to hold some of these marginal seats if the President asserts that he needs additional support. Furthermore, Republicans hold only sixteen of the fifty governorships, and except for Nelson Rockefeller (New York) and Mark O. Hatfield (Oregon), none of the state executives can be classed as exciting coattail material. It is true that the Democrats also have thirty-nine marginal seats, but the state party organizations control the administrative machinery in thirty-four states, and Kennedy should be willing to help them in the campaign.

THESE many-faceted Republican problems stem from the demography of the party and also from the fact that, because the GOP did not capture the White House, policy must be made by the minority-opposition in Congress. The party's backbone consists of a majority of the upper and upper-middle class in the North, production-conscious business groups (both large and small), and millions of *traditional* Republicans living mainly in small towns of the Northeast and in areas west of the Alleghenies. The GOP does not have, and makes an insufficient attempt to obtain, the support of labor, urban dwellers, low-income groups and people of recognized minorities. And, of course, it does not have the South, which has its own special relationship to both parties.

The party, then, consists largely of individuals and groups who tend —too often for the party's own good —to be uninterested in *public* social and economic problems. Many of them enjoy high earnings, and want to determine for themselves how these earnings shall be spent; normally having less need than most people for government services, they tend to oppose their expansion.

Furthermore, the party's national strength is dissipated to the extent that much of its membership is located in northern areas of one-party dominance. Present GOP Congressmen elected from such areas (which in many cases contain gerrymandered districts weighted in favor of rural interests) probably faithfully represent the predominant social and economic views of their constituents. As a result, it is natural that they should register a conservative bias, compiling voting records that reflect their calculations of what it takes to remain in office. These calculations, coupled with the seniority system in Congress, mean that the GOP Congressional leadership (particularly in the House of Representatives) is almost invariably more conservative than the Executive (regardless of which party holds the Presidency), and that Congressional leaders are not a good source of favorable GOP issues in either Presidential or off-year elections.

Examples of this situation have been well publicized this year, and Congressional Republicans, under the leadership of Everett Dirksen and Charles Halleck, have had difficulty in persuading anyone that they are in favor of solving any of the nation's problems by positive means. To be sure, by coordinating their efforts with the Southern Democrats, Republicans in Congress can block the Administration's program (as they did on the Department of Urban Affairs and Housing proposal); or they can force the President's supporters to accept their financial provisions in a substitute bill (as they did with the worker-retraining program). Or they can, as the campaign gets hotter this spring, allow some of the most popular Administration measures to go through with their blessings. But all of these maneuvers are essentially negative and appeal primarily to groups dedicated to the preservation of the *status quo* or to those who want social and economic problems to be settled outside the authority of *elective* government. Their publicity value is limited, and they tend to reinforce the stereotype of the GOP as a sterile party defending nothing more than a balanced budget.

IT IS true, of course, that the Democrats suffer from the same maladies. Southern conservatives dominate the Congressional leadership, retain that leadership through seniority, prevent real progress in civil rights and assist Republicans in blocking the President's program. The difference between the dilemmas faced by the two parties is that the Democrats *do* get *some* liberal leadership, and can point to the President's attempt to do *something* in spite of his Southern wing. But the Republicans, realistically, must go outside of Congress to find potential nominees who might be acceptable to urban voters. To be sure, Senators Javits (New York), Cooper (Kentucky) and Case (New Jersey), together with a handful of liberal Republican House members, fit the necessary pattern. But these men are neither the GOP policy makers in Congress, nor can they escape their public identification with their leaders on much legislation.

It goes without saying that the Republicans must be seriously concerned with finding such a candidate. Presidential elections are won or lost in the largest states, within which the metropolitan masses — liberal, dependent upon government, searching

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for solutions to social and economic problems—hold the balance of voting power.

These are the factors—the conservative constituency, a conservative philosophy, and withal the necessity for a candidate with national appeal — that in the recent past forced the Republicans to nominate men such as Willkie, Dewey and Eisenhower rather than a Taft, a Bricker or a MacArthur. And these are the factors that currently are giving rise to speculation about Rockefeller, Romney and Goldwater.

On the assumption that titular leader Richard Nixon, if he wins in California, will honor his pledge to fulfill his term, the 1960 standard bearer is not being seriously considered. And that is as it should be. For, given the fact that Nixon was unable to defeat Kennedy with all of the anti-Catholicism of 1960 on his side, it would be suicide for him to take on the President two years hence. That leaves two Republican moderates and one conservative now being publicized for the nomination.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER is obviously attempting to compile a record designed to pay a modicum of deference to the Old Guard while trying to attract independent and Democratic support. In Des Moines on February 1, he gave a ringing, traditional anti-Administration speech that was reminiscent of a convention keynote; but, later in the month, he denied that he was moving to the Right. And in his recent opening message to the New York State Legislature, he presented a program loaded with labor and welfare proposals: increased medical care for the indigent aged, an increase in the state minimum-wage level, revision of the formula to compute state aid in order to reduce the burden of local taxes on suburbanites, expansion of the state university facilities, and a program to help middle-income families finance cooperative housing. And a few days later, ignoring criticism from several industry spokesmen who complained of the increased burden that Rockefeller's program would place on "the cost of doing business in New York," the Governor called for rejection of "defeatist nonsense" in Republican ranks and asked his supporters to "quit worrying about popularity polls" and to "start working to win."

"What I want is a not-so-compact model."

No one can gauge the effect of Rockefeller's divorce on his political future, but all his moves indicate that he is determined to be available in 1964, that he would be delighted to challenge President Kennedy, and that he understands the workings of the electoral college.

Rockefeller's chief competitor for moderate-Republican leadership—at least in the press—is former American Motors president George Romney, who recently declared himself a candidate for the governorship of Michigan. Widely compared with Wendell Willkie as a political phenomenon, there are both accuracies and limits to the analogy. Both men were corporation presidents who had meteoric rises in politics as the result of spectacular and dramatic political build-ups; both entered significant races without previously having held public office. And Romney has followed Willkie as a mild critic of both business and labor, indicating support for an overhauling of the anti-trust laws in order to eliminate both the corporate and union giants from the American economic scene.

More important from a vote-getting standpoint, both men have ardently supported civil rights. Romney, in spite of his high position in the Mormon Church (which does not admit Negroes to its priesthood), has publicly asserted that discrimination against Negroes must be eradicated in all areas of the nation. And American Motors had the first anti-discrimination contract in the automobile industry.

Finally, like Willkie, Romney has been something of an independent critic of the GOP. On February 3, he told a national television audience that the Republican image needs improvement, that he feels the party has been identified too thoroughly with business and that it must now broaden its appeal. But if Romney profits from history and recalls the difficulties Willkie had serving as both critic and titular head, he undoubtedly will eschew the dual role for himself.

THE comparison must not be carried too far. Romney represents a Michigan brand of Republicanism distinct from Willkie's 1940 brand of sophisticated Eastern internationalism. Romney is much more religious than was Willkie, lives an entirely different type of life and, as a former Senator's assistant and a trade-association representative, has had more experience in government. Romney's well-publicized proposals to curb giantism and increase trade seem to be more specific than many of Willkie's plans. And if he should win the gubernatorial race in Michigan, he will, of course, approach the Presidential nomination in 1964 with two years of executive experience—more in the tradition of Tom Dewey than of Willkie.

If Romney wins in Michigan and makes a respectable record in solving some of his state's financial problems, he will be an appealing candidate in 1964. Although a governor, he could be identified as one who had a career other than in politics. As an evangelistic speaker with an attractive, Spartan personality, he might well appeal to the thousands of apolitical voters who supported Eisenhower—those who voted for glamour, change, or to satisfy some other irrelevant emotion—but who did not find in Nixon the charisma of an Eisenhower. Much will be written about Romney in the next seven months—and, if he should defeat Governor John Swainson in November, in the next two years.

As of this writing, a final possibil-

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ity for the GOP Presidential nomination is Barry Goldwater. So much has been written about the Senator from Arizona, so frequently has he been on nation-wide television within the last year, that there is no necessity here to examine his "conservatism with pride" philosophy. Goldwater has consistently denied that he is interested in the Presidency, but he appears in public so often that one can only assume that he is playing the traditional candidate's game of awaiting a draft.

On June 3, 1961, GOP National Chairman Miller told newsmen that he foresaw the possibility of a Rockefeller-Goldwater ticket in 1964, but since that time most political analysts have discounted the possibility. Little in the Arizona Senator's record suggests that he could attract votes from Democrats in any area outside of a few spots in the South, and he would certainly lose many of the votes of the elderly, religion-minded citizens whom Nixon captured. Goldwater's foreign policy, according to polls, lacks popularity and his attitude toward Negroes and minority groups seemingly would insure disaster for him in the very states that gave Kennedy victory in 1960. In short, the Goldwater program offers nothing to anyone who is not already in the Republican ranks, and it is offensive to many groups whose support is needed for a winning coalition.

But the Senator cannot be counted out, at least this early, merely because GOP conventions have been selecting more liberal candidates for the last twenty-five years. There are several reasons for this. Goldwater is personally a very attractive man; he fits the stereotype for a winning politician and speaks convincingly. Secondly, the movement on the far Right has had a startling growth; it is well financed, and latest records indicate that there are now more than 2,000 conservative organizations throughout the nation. If the ultra-Right continues to grow, Goldwater is its natural candidate or leader. A third factor is the possibility that no other Republican will be prominent on the scene by 1964; both Rockefeller and Romney *could* be defeated in their gubernatorial races. Or, if the Kennedy popularity should continue to rise, it is not inconceivable that Goldwater will be allowed to have the 1964 nomination by default. The Old Guard has never been given its reward for footing the bills and holding the Republican Party together for thirty years. The debt could finally be paid by giving it a candidate of its own. Such an eventuality would at least reveal just what percentage of the popular vote a conservative nominee can obtain in mid-1960s America.

OF COURSE, the possibility that some aspirant, whose ambitions are not yet known, might get the 1964 nomination is not out of the question. Two years before the 1940 GOP Convention nominated him for the Presidency, Willkie was still a Democrat! With modern mass-communications methods, hardly more than six months are needed to develop a Presidential candidate if a vacuum exists in the party leadership.

The GOP seems to have lost its ability to win national elections without a non-Republican symbol. Clearly, the party's future lies in a redrafting of its philosophy along lines that indicate more understanding of what Americans want, more compassion for what Americans need and more consideration of what Americans think.

HAUNTING THE HISS CASE:

THE GHOST of a TYPEWRITER . . *by Fred J. Cook*

RICHARD M. NIXON'S assertion in his new book, *Six Crises,* that the FBI found the typewriter it says it didn't find in the Alger Hiss case may now be matched with one other piece of newly discovered evidence—the fact that the House Committee on Un-American Activities, in an official report written in 1951, commended the FBI for "the location of the typewriter" (note the use of the word "location," a rather odd word to use in this context). The passage, discovered by Hiss's own attorneys searching for clues in the wake of the furore raised by the Nixon disclosure, appears in a report of HUAC dated December 31, 1951, as follows:

> The committee wishes to commend the Federal Bureau of Investigation for its work in bringing this case [the Hiss case] to a successful conclusion. *The location of the typewriter* and certain other pieces of evidence needed during the trial of the case was amazing. [Italics added.]

Amazing seems the proper word for this commendation of a deed the FBI insists it never performed—yet there it is, a Silver Star for gallantry in action, pinned on the FBI on page 58 of the HUAC's wrap-up report: *The Shameful Years, Thirty Years of Soviet Espionage in the United States.*

This disclosure is the most recent and the most official in a long series, all tending in the same direction, all pointing to the same conclusion—that the government *did* find the typewriter it vows on its honor it never had in its possession. The point is vital, for the prosecution of Alger Hiss was either an honest prosecution or it was a frameup. There is no middle ground in this case for innocent mistake; for documents and a typewriter are not honestly mistaken or personally prejudiced eyewitnesses. They are hard bits of physical

FRED J. COOK first wrote about the Hiss case in a special issue of The Nation *published Sept. 21, 1957; the article was subsequently elaborated into a book,* The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss *(Morrow, 1958).*

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evidence, and they are either legitimate or utter and callous frauds.

Let us, then, examine this mystery in the light of past and present disclosures; let us see how this "immutable witness," as the prosecution called the typewriter, came into the possession of Alger Hiss and was produced by him in court, where it sat throughout two trials as his silent accuser.

THE typewriter in question is an archaic Woodstock, Serial No. 230,099. Either this machine or one greatly like it belonged to Thomas Fansler, the father-in-law of Alger Hiss, and had been given by him to his daughter, Priscilla. It had been in the Hiss household for a number of years; but when the Hisses moved to a new home in Washington about the end of 1937—there was later to be much confusion and dispute about this date—they gave the old Woodstock, by then hardly usable, to their servants, the Catletts. By 1948, when ex-Communist Whittaker Chambers accused Hiss of having passed to him government documents retyped on the Woodstock, the machine itself had been discarded and forgotten by the Hisses for approximately a decade.

There was a frantic hunt to find it. The FBI had some thirty-five agents combing Washington and a still larger field force tracking down clues elsewhere. Hiss and his brother, Donald, mere amateurs in the detective business, also sought the machine. They were driven by two motivations: they hoped to establish that the typewriter had not been in Hiss's possession in early 1938 when the documents were typed; and they believed that they could show the old, virtually unworkable Woodstock could not have been the machine that did the typing.

In this competition, the super sleuths of the FBI supposedly lost the race to the amateur Hiss brothers. The Hisses recovered a machine they believed to be Alger Hiss's old Woodstock about mid-April, 1949, and they subsequently produced it in court at both the first and second trials in which Hiss was accused of perjury for denying he had ever passed documents to Chambers.

Only after Hiss was convicted in the second trial did the late Chester Lane, then Hiss's new attorney, begin to examine the possibility that his client had been the victim of an intricate frameup, engineered through "forgery by typewriter." And so, in late December, 1951, Lane began to backtrack on the trail of discovery, hoping to determine how Woodstock No. 230,099 had happened to fall into Hiss's hands when thirty-five searching agents of the FBI could not find it. What Lane's investigators uncovered was a strange and murky story, filled with many inexplicable twists and constant shadow-boxing with FBI agents almost every step of the way.

THIS story, never before told, begins with Donald Hiss. In February, 1949, he later recalled, Raymond (Mike) Catlett called at his home.

"I guess you know what I want to talk to you about," he said.

Donald Hiss said no, he didn't know.

"Well, don't you know?" Mike asked. "Some people have been around to see me."

"Were they our people?" Donald Hiss asked.

"Oh, no," said Catlett, "they were the FBI."

He explained that the FBI was looking for the typewriter.

"So are we," Donald Hiss said. "Do you know where it is?"

Catlett said he did. The typewriter was in his house in P Street; he could put his hands right on it and bring it over. Donald Hiss told him to do that, but the doing turned out to be not quite so simple. Mike Catlett went, looked — and found the machine wasn't in the closet. But, he assured Donald Hiss, he knew right where it was; his brother, Pat, must have it. Donald Hiss drove him to Pat's home. But Pat, it developed, didn't have the Woodstock either. Pat said his wife had used the typewriter for a time, but it wasn't much good and he had given it to his sister, Burnetta. At the time Burnetta had been living at the home of a Dr. Easter, but Dr. Easter had died and a man named Marlowe had moved all the belongings out of the Easter house. Maybe Marlowe would know what had happened to the old Woodstock.

Edward C. McLean, Hiss's attorney of record, recently appointed a Federal Court Judge by President Kennedy, was in Washington at the time, and he and Donald Hiss drove with Mike Catlett to Marlowe's home. Mike went in to talk to Marlowe. When he came out, he said cryptically that Marlowe wanted to get some information; they had better come back again at a later time.

When they did return to Marlowe's home, Marlowe still didn't have "the information." But he telephoned a man named "Bill."

"Bill," he said, "you've got that typewriter, and I want it right away."

Donald Hiss asked who "Bill" was and was told he was the man who had actually moved the belongings from Dr. Easter's house; he had accepted a yellow washing machine and the old Woodstock as part payment for his work.

Donald Hiss next drove Mike Catlett to "Bill's" house. "Bill" turned out to be a young, rather thinnish fellow.

"I haven't got the typewriter," he said, "but I will take you there."

BILL led them to a mover named Ira Lockey. He and Mike Catlett went into the house. There they talked to a Mrs. Hall, Lockey's sister-in-law. She remembered the Woodstock, said it had been sitting right there on that table for a long time, but they would have to talk to Lockey about it. The next day, Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett returned to Lockey's house. Mike went in. When he came out, he said Lockey was a very sick man (Lockey did actually have a serious heart ailment) and he couldn't talk about the machine, but he had said he had junked it quite a time ago.

There were a couple of junkyards near Lockey's home, and Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett decided to investigate. Mike poked around one of the yards and came back saying he had found the yellow washing machine and a typewriter, a Royal. Donald Hiss gave him some money and told him to buy the Royal. "I kept it for probably six or eight months," Donald Hiss later recalled. "I was sure it wasn't what we were

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looking for, and I told Mike to keep looking."

Parenthetically, it might be noted at this point that one of the documents Chambers had produced stuck out like a maimed finger from all the rest. It had *not* been typed on a Woodstock, but apparently on a Royal. The prosecution was never able to explain how this stray document crept into the hoard which Chambers insisted came entirely from Hiss, but at this point in the chase the Royal found beside the yellow washing machine had no significance for Donald Hiss. It was a Woodstock he sought, and he kept Mike Catlett chasing after the suspiciously incommunicative Lockey.

After one visit to Lockey's house, Mike told Donald Hiss that he hadn't gone in because he had seen an FBI car parked outside. How did he know it was an FBI car? Well, Mike said, he had looked at a special little green parking card on the windshield. He was later to insist to Lane's investigators that, on one occasion—whether this or another time was not clear—he had stayed away from Lockey's home because he saw two FBI men there. He declared he knew they were FBI agents because they were men who had questioned him. This would seem to indicate, as would appear logical, that the FBI was following the same trail toward discovery of the typewriter that Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett were following—and apparently with no better results. For a subsequent visit to Lockey's home by Mike Catlett produced only the information that Lockey was too sick to talk and wanted absolutely nothing to do with the typewriter.

At this juncture, Harold Rosenwald, who had been helping in the investigation, went to Detroit and talked to Burnetta Fisher, the sister of Mike and Pat Catlett. Afterwards, he telephoned Donald Hiss and suggested that he and Mike Catlett look around Marlowe's old shack, which was across the street from the home of Dr. Easter. There was a chance they might find the typewriter there. Donald Hiss and Mike looked, but they couldn't find the typewriter. They talked to next-door neighbors, who remembered that the junky old machine had been sitting outside in the tall grass. Donald Hiss and Mike Catlett poked around in the grass, but they couldn't find the Woodstock.

The search was at this impasse when, shortly before Easter, McLean and Rosenwald returned to Washington. They were worried about the inconsistency between Mrs. Hall's story that the Woodstock had been sitting right there on the table for a long time and Lockey's seeming lack of all knowledge, his disinclination even to discuss the matter. Taking Mike Catlett with them, the lawyers paid a visit on Lockey. And this time, almost like jerking a rabbit out of a hat, Lockey produced a typewriter. It was Woodstock No. 230,099.

SUCH is the strange story. It is obvious from a mere recitation of its details that no part of it hangs together with any of its other parts. What is one to make of Mike Catlett's strange conduct? If he had been asked about the typewriter by the FBI before he went to Donald Hiss, wouldn't he have looked in his closet to make certain it was there before he told Hiss it was? What is one to make of the conflict between Mrs. Hall's version that the typewriter had been on the table and Lockey's that he had junked it? What of Lockey's strange incommunicativeness and then his act in suddenly, like magic, producing the typewriter? If Mike Catlett was right and the FBI had previously contacted Lockey, wouldn't this humble moving man have been happy to turn the machine over to this august government agency instead of going to considerable risk to preserve it for the Hisses? One would certainly think so. Even cupidity could hardly explain this partiality for the Hisses on the part of a moving man who did not even know them, for McLean gave Mike Catlett only $40 with which to make the purchase.

The more questions one asks, the deeper the mystery grows. Chester Lane, having asked himself such questions, spurred his associates and investigators on to the questioning and requestioning of all the actors in this dubious chain of the disappearing and suddenly reappearing typewriter. And with each questioning, more discrepancies continued to appear.

Lockey said he hadn't even known the typewriter was wanted until Charles Houston, who was working with McLean and Rosenwald, had called upon him. He had never met or talked with Mike Catlett except in the witness room in New York during the trials. Where had the typewriter been during the weeks that Mike Catlett and Donald Hiss—and presumably the FBI—had been looking for it? There was no mystery about that, Lockey said; he had loaned the machine to his son, Ira, Jr. When Houston asked him about it, he told Ira he wanted it back. That had been all there was to it. See?

Chester Lane's investigators didn't see. They questioned Mrs. Hall about her story that the typewriter had been sitting a long time on the Lockey table. Mrs. Hall couldn't recall ever talking to Mike Catlett, but she did recall that, *before* Houston came and made his lucky (or unlucky) purchase, "several other young men" had made inquiries about the typewriter. On a subsequent occasion, Mrs. Hall did seem to recall Mike Catlett clearly. She remembered, she said, that when he first came to see Lockey, Mike had said the machine was worth $200. She said she had thought he must be "crazy" to be offering this kind of money for an old, beat-up wreck of a machine, and so she had told him they didn't have any such typewriter, though actually the Woodstock was in a closet right there under Mike's nose all the time. None of this seemed to agree with what Mrs. Hall had first told Lane's investigators; none of it seemed to

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agree with Lockey's story that he had lent the machine to his son and that as soon as he heard it was wanted, he got it back and sold it to the first man who asked for it.

Ira Lockey, Jr., simply confirmed his father's story. He had borrowed the typewriter (he could not remember when); it was in such bad condition it could not be used; it had never been out of his possession; and when his father asked him for it, he returned it.

ALL of these confusions and inconsistencies were compounded in the tangled recollections of Mike Catlett. He had first learned that Lockey had the typewriter, he said, from the mysterious "Bill." Who was "Bill"? Where did he live? Mike couldn't recall. He had visited Lockey's home six or seven times, he said, but when he went there, he talked to Mrs. Hall. He had learned about Lockey's possession of the typewriter approximately a whole month before the machine was recovered; but he appeared confused about the sequence of events, about dates, about even some of the incidents that had happened. "He contradicted himself frequently during the interview, and later remembered events that he said he could not recall during the first part of the interview," Hiss's investigator reported. "He confirmed my belief that he was suspicious of me by following me out to my car and making a note of my license number. Both Catlett and Lockey answered only the questions put to them, and never volunteered any additional information."

It was obvious, from this backtracking on the discovery of the typewriter, that no fact held still, no story remained consistent; the whole business was as uncertain as treading on quicksand. Lockey, questioned a second time, came up with a version at complete variance with his first. He confirmed that he had first learned about the importance of the machine from Mrs. Hall after her first talk with Mike Catlett, *not* when Houston first asked him about it. He added that he had given the typewriter to his son *only two or three weeks* before he got it back and sold it to Houston and McLean. In this version, there appeared no explanation why Lockey would suddenly ship the typewriter away after the first inquiry, why he would pretend lack of interest and keep Catlett and Donald Hiss chasing around for the better part of a month—and then produce the machine only when McLean and Houston appeared.

The questions that arise from all this are almost infinite but the vital ones are few and their implications meaningful. May one deduce from all of this that someone, for some reason, did not want to deal with Mike Catlett as an emissary of the Hisses? That someone was willing to produce the typewriter only when it could be delivered directly into the hands of defense attorneys, who would then be honor-bound to produce it in court? Such speculation leads inevitably to a second set of questions. Was, then, this Woodstock No. 230,099 the same machine the Hisses had had? Was it even the same machine Lockey had found sitting among junk, exposed to rain and weather in a back yard? There are some definite indications that it was not.

A thread that runs through all of the stories of the various participants in this drama, both in court testimony and in the questioning by Lane's investigators outside of court, deals with the decrepitude of the Hiss Woodstock. Testimony that conflicts on everything else agrees on this point. Everyone who had possession of the Hiss Woodstock had been impressed by its worthlessness. Many of the letters were blurred, the keys stuck, it was worthless, it was junk. This unanimous verdict hardly prepares one for the performance of Woodstock No. 230,099 when it was produced in court. This appeared to be a perky old machine. An FBI agent typed upon it without much apparent difficulty, and various members of the jury, intrigued by the mystery of the machine, test-typed on the keys themselves. It seemed to work fairly well.

SUCH is the story of the finding of Woodstock No. 230,099 by the Hiss defense. Though Chester Lane and his associate, Mrs. Helen Buttenwieser, followed every imaginable turn and twist in the trail, they wound up not with the ultimate truth

they sought, but with a mystery more strange and baffling than it had been when they started out. But there is this much to be said for their discoveries. Truth does sometimes present what appear to be baffling inconsistencies which are not immediately explainable; but if a story is true, there should be at least a few fixed points that hold solid. When almost every witness changes his story, when the stories of virtually all conflict on vital aspects, when what has been fact with one witness one day is changed to a new fact the next, the reek is the reek of rotten fish, not the aroma of truth.

That the defense at the time of the trials did not sense this may be explained only by the fact that there is nothing like the Hiss case in American jurisprudence. No other major case contains such indications of intricate plot; and forgery by typewriter, so the experts said, was impossible. The Hiss defense in both trials appears to have been caught in these contradictions; it appears to have been baffled and uncertain as to what was happening and how to combat it. One of the shocks that led to this confusion was the verdict that typewriter experts called in by the defense passed on Woodstock No. 230,099. Test-typing produced on the discovered Woodstock was compared by experts with typing of letters known to have been written by Priscilla Hiss on the old Hiss Woodstock in the 1930s. The experts gave it as their opinion that the typing was the same and that Woodstock No. 230,099 must be the Hiss Woodstock. This verdict appears to have flabbergasted the defense and to have put it completely

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at sea. Yet, on analysis, this discovery may not prove what it seems to prove; indeed, it may be one of the most suspect aspects of the whole affair.

George T. Altman, a Beverly Hills, Calif., attorney and tax consultant, and a foremost expert on the theory and science of manuscript identification, has pointed out that such perfect harmony between typewriter and documents after the passage of a long period of time is in itself grounds for suspicion. The point is this: ten years' wear and abuse should drastically alter the individual characteristics of a machine. Altman quotes Ordway Hilton's "Scientific Examination of Questioned Documents" to this effect: "Over a long period of time defects [in type faces] undergo changes—new defects appear and old ones become exaggerated or modified. Consequently, individualities of typewriters are representative of that machine in a given instant of time." Letters typed by Priscilla Hiss in the 1930s and typing done on Woodstock No. 230,099 in 1949 should not in Altman's view have borne the close relationship to one another that they did, for the Hiss machine in the intervening decade should have developed new idiosyncracies from use and wear. The likeness, in other words, was unnatural, an indication in itself that something here was badly awry.

IN THIS context, one of the aspects of the baffling Hiss case was the government's inexplicable reluctance to have any direct contact with Woodstock No. 230,099. During the trials this was understandable, for the defense produced the typewriter under the impression it was the Hiss machine; the government did not need to prove the point. The same situation did not obtain, however, when Chester Lane sought a new trial on the basis of typewriter forgery. Lane traced the history of Woodstock No. 230,099; he showed from factory production records that a machine with this serial number was manufactured so late in the Woodstock career that it could not possibly be the one Fansler had bought and given to the Hisses. He had Dr. Daniel P. Norman, a Boston expert often employed by government agencies for technical analyses, study Woodstock No. 230,099, and Dr. Norman reported he found "abnormal tool marks" on some of the type faces and other evidences of tampering; he concluded flatly that the machine was a fraud. But the government never asked for permission to have its own experts examine Woodstock No. 230,099 to combat the conclusions of Dr. Norman; it has never, so far as anyone knows, examined the machine to this day.

This abnormal reticence on the part of the government is not perhaps an outright plea of guilt, but it is decidedly mysterious and peculiar. The government, one might say, has acted almost as if Woodstock No. 230,099 were an albatross draped around its neck once Chester Lane raised the question of typewriter forgery. But why should this be so? Why, indeed, if Woodstock No. 230,099 really is the old Hiss Woodstock, found by Hiss in a bona fide search? In such a case, the prosecution's sensitivity in refraining from an examination of the Woodstock would make no sense; it makes sense only if the reverse is true—if the Woodstock is, as Lane charged, a fraudulent machine deliberately planted on the defense.

This is the reason that the numerous indications that the government had found the machine months before Hiss supposedly discovered it, assume such importance. The whole question of the legitimacy or the illegitimacy of the Hiss case is bound up in this issue. Let's see, therefore, just how frequent and just how creditable have been the reports that government agents first located the typewriter.

THE first and probably the most detailed of these disclosures was dated December 13, 1948. It was a newspaper article written by Tony Smith, of the Scripps-Howard Press Association. The date, it must be borne in mind, was a full four months prior to the time that the Hisses discovered Woodstock No. 230,099. Yet Tony Smith, a responsible newsman, could write:

> House investigators have found the typewriter they believe was used to copy the stolen government documents in the Hiss-Chambers case. Samples of the typing done on the machine are being compared by technical experts with State Department documents produced by ex-Communist Whittaker Chambers. The machine is said by Un-American Activities Committee aides to be the one formerly owned by Mrs. Alger Hiss. . . . Ever since the House committee learned of the deposition [Chambers' first assertion that Hiss had passed him typed documents], its investigators have been searching for the typewriter. They found it *with the assistance of the FBI*, it was reported. [Italics added.]

A second indication along the same line was uncovered by Chester Lane during the research in which he tried to trace the origin of Woodstock No. 230,099. Joseph Schmitt, manager of the Woodstock plant, told one of Lane's investigators that his company "had helped the FBI find the typewriter in the Hiss case."

IN JULY, 1956, came a third indication, this from an official source — the late Rep. John McDowell (R., Pa.), who had been an active member of the House Un-American Activities Committee during the Hiss investigation and who had served as acting chairman. In answering a letter from a Hiss partisan about the case, Rep. McDowell wrote:

> Mr. Nixon helped mightily in the questioning of Hiss, but a generous amount of the credit for solving the fact that Hiss was a traitor should go to the Chief Investigator, Robert E. Stripling and his staff, and *to the FBI for finding the typewriter that typed the letters* found in the pumpkin. [Italics added.]

To these statements there now have been added two more—the flat declaration of Richard Nixon in *Six Crises* that the FBI found the typewriter and the long-overlooked, official commendation of the FBI by the House committee for performing this very feat.

Of all these, the House committee statement is the most brief and the most official; Nixon's the most provocative. Nixon, as I pointed out in *The Nation* ["Nixon Kicks a Hole in the Hiss Case," April 7, 1962], actually wrote (or at least, if there was

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a ghost somewhere, approved the writing) of this flat and explicit statement:

> On December 13, 1948, FBI agents found the typewriter. On that same day, I appeared before the grand jury with the microfilm [of a second set of documents produced by Chambers]. . . . On December 15, the critical last day, an expert from the FBI typed exact copies of the incriminating documents on the old Woodstock machine and had them flown up to New York as exhibits for members of the grand jury to see. . . .

WHEN newspapers from coast to coast headlined this story of a vital discrepancy irreconcilable with the government's protestations and with the supposition its case against Hiss was a valid case, Nixon was not immediately reachable. Only *Newsweek* managed to attribute a direct quote to Nixon himself, and this was the amazing assertion that "This is just a matter of dates. We had the wrong one" — not that what was involved here was a fact vital to the whole case. Then, on top of all of this, Nixon's public-relations men came up with the explanation that Nixon had blundered through a researcher's error.

According to this version, a researcher who was burrowing through the yellowed old newspaper files to give Nixon the facts on the most dramatic events of his life, came across the Tony Smith report from Washington, dated December 13, 1948. The researcher, not knowing any better, passed the false report along to Nixon; and Nixon, not catching the flub, wrote it. Nixon's spokesmen tried to explain that Nixon really wasn't too close to the case personally at the time; he was a mere Congressman and the Justice Department was handling the prosecution.

This explanation, of course, is pure hogwash. Nixon was in the case up to his neck until Hiss was convicted; this is shown by his own assertion that he was before the grand jury as the custodian of Chambers' microfilm the very day the FBI "found" the typewriter. That Nixon, who knew the Hiss case the way a flea knows a dog's back, should not recognize such a profound error, either in the writing of his own book or in reading the proofs, passes the bounds of the credible. And, obviously, the explanation does not fully explain. For while Nixon might blame the typewriter discovery angle on Tony Smith's article of December 13, he could hardly attribute the rest of his disclosures about events that took place two days later to the same source.

IT was a truly incredible sequence, and one that stimulated a great curiosity about Tony Smith. Here was a reputable Washington newsman who had written an account of the discovery of the Hiss typewriter, citing what he obviously considered highly responsible sources within the

Un-American Activities Committee. What were those sources? What has become of Tony Smith?

No one seemed to know. There were rumors that he had gone into the public-relations business, that he was working for a large New York agency. Carey McWilliams, editor of *The Nation,* expended considerable energy trying to solve the riddle of the manner in which Tony Smith, all by himself with his typewriter, had led the former Vice President so sadly astray. This effort by *The Nation* was finally successful. We located Tony Smith. He is now employed as an aide in the office of Senator Barry Goldwater.

When reached by telephone, Tony Smith turned out to be one of the most affable of men. No one could have been more cordial; no one could have been more obviously desirous to be helpful. But, unfortunately—

"You know how it is," said Tony Smith, "it was a long time ago. For the life of me I just can't remember who my sources were or what was said—several other people have asked me about it, and I have told them what I have told you."

Which was, of course, precisely nothing.

SUCH, then, is the latest chapter in the mystery of the most mysterious machine in typewriter history — Woodstock No. 230,099. If that mystery could ever be solved, almost certainly the truth about the Hiss case would become apparent. This is obvious. In the wake of the Nixon statement in *Six Crises,* Attorney General Robert Kennedy became sufficiently concerned to examine the files. He reported that "this review has confirmed the fact that the Federal Bureau of Investigation never had possession of the disputed typewriter."

This possibly is technically correct. What did Tony Smith say in that article that has now been blanked from his memory? He reported that the House committee had custody of the typewriter, but that it had been found "with the assistance of the FBI." Later, the House committee itself officially praised the FBI for "the location of the typewriter," leaving neatly up in the air the question of who may have "possessed" it.

Such hair-splitting will never resolve the deep and disturbing issues posed by the Hiss case. At every point this case is a bog, a quicksand in which no fact holds steady. Time and again too many persons in high official capacity, in full position to know, have revealed that the truth about the finding of the typewriter is the exact reverse of what it had to be if the government's case were a valid case. The clear indications are that a typewriter was found by government agents a full four months before the Hisses captured Woodstock No. 230,099. Almost certainly, if that is so, this machine is a fraudulent machine that was planted on the defense.

Clearly, Mr. Attorney General, this is an issue too serious to be resolved by a mere examination of old files; it needs a thorough and impartial investigation.

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Stirrup and Lasar

MEDIEVAL TECHNOLOGY AND SOCIAL CHANGE. By Lynn White, Jr. Oxford University Press. 194 pp. $6.

Carl Dreher

THE LASER (an acrostic standing for "light amplification by stimulated emission of radiation") has become big news only in the past year. Professor White is concerned with the role of technology in medieval history and there is no mention of that device in his book. Nevertheless, the laser and the invention which is the pivot of his first essay ("Stirrup, Mounted Shock Combat, Feudalism, and Chivalry") are militarily and societally connected. In contrast to our machine- and circuit-dominated era, the period White has studied is one in which invention was slow and primitive, and a device as simple as the stirrup might be as novel and revolutionary in its effects as the laser and our other "sophisticated" and "exotic" devices are today. But the way in which we pile invention on invention has portentous implications. If, as White contends, the stirrup was the causative factor in the inception of feudalism, is it not inescapable that nucleonics, cybernetics, automation, rocketry, space travel and such protean devices as the laser will give rise to a society as novel as the new technology? The conflict between capitalism and communism may turn out to be a mere preliminary to changes far more disastrophic. And at the present rate of technological change (and barring the ultimate catastrophe) will not the new social structures erupt in decades rather than in centuries?

Heinrich Brunner, an eminent Austrian law historian (1840-1915) first propounded the theory that feudalism was essentially military in nature: in White's words, "a type of social organization designed to produce and support cavalry." Charles Martel defeated the Saracens at Poitiers in 733. It is well established that, between then and about 755, Martel was impelled to shift the preponderance of Frankish forces from infantry to cavalry. At Poitiers the victorious Franks fought on foot while the Saracens were mounted; but Brunner believed that Martel found himself unable to follow up his advantage with his slow-moving footmen and concluded that the future lay with cavalry. The Frankish armies continued to use foot soldiers, particularly as archers, but the chief striking force came to consist increasingly of mounted knights.

Feudalism came into the picture because the expense of mounted forces, in terms of the economy of the time, was prohibitive without feudal organization. The basic source of wealth was land, and mounted warriors could be maintained in large numbers only by landed endowment. The Church held much of the arable land—in Gaul about one-third of the total. Despite the risks and difficulties involved, Martel and his successors seized a major part of the Church lands and handed them over to a body of followers, on condition that they serve on horseback. Where the landowners were too poor to provide their own horses, Charlemagne, Martel's grandson, tried to organize them into syndicates, the members of which would share the expense of a single mounted fighter in proportion to their holdings. White concludes that "the ancient custom of swearing allegiance to a leader (vassalage) was fused with the granting of an estate (benefice) and the result was feudalism."

SOME military historians dispute Brunner's theory that the value of cavalry was not appreciated in Western Europe until the eighth century, but White accepts it and goes on to the technological aspects. The two innovations that lent effectiveness to the mounted warrior were the saddle and the stirrup. They did not emerge simultaneously; indeed, they were separated by some seven centuries. The saddle arrived in the first century after Christ, probably from Central Asia— archaeological evidence indicates that armored riders (and armored horses) were in use there as early as the sixth century B.C. The saddle provided some longitudinal stability but, as D. H. Gordon, a military historian quoted by White points out, "without stirrups your slashing horseman, taking a good broad-handed swipe at his foe, had only to miss to find himself on the ground." The stirrup greatly reduced this hazard: in White's words, it "effectively welded horse and rider into a single fighting unit capable of a violence without precedent." The most effective way of utilizing this dynamic integration of horse and rider was for the rider to hold his lance at rest between the upper arm and body instead of wielding it with the hand, arm and shoulder. Thus mounted shock combat became feasible. Against the background of then-existing military technology, this was probably as important an advance as the supersession of the horse by the internal-combustion-powered tank some eleven centuries later.

The evidence for placing the adoption of the stirrup by the Franks as late as the eighth century is mainly archaeological. In *Deutsche Alterskunde (Science of German Antiquity)*, 1923, Friedrich Kaufman wrote: "The new age is heralded in the eighth century by excavation of stirrups." Stirrups were unknown to the Greeks and Romans, as well as to the peoples of the Near East. A rudimentary form of stirrup for the big toes of barefooted riders appeared in India in the late second century B.C. About 100 A.D. a type of hook stirrup is known to have existed in Kushan, but it had the disadvantage of often dragging a fallen rider. Weighing the evidence, White concludes that the authentic foot-stirrup was a Chinese invention of the fifth century A.D. or earlier, which gradually diffused to the west through central Asia and arrived in Western Europe in the first part of the eighth century; that is, in the time of Charles Martel.

White backs up the archaeological evidence with changes in weaponry and etymology and makes out a convincing case, but the hypothesis does not fall even if we assume an earlier date. The historical record is replete, White points out, "with inventions which have remained dormant in a society until at last . . . they 'awaken' and become active elements in the shaping of a culture to which they are not entirely novel." He cites the mechanical crank as a medieval example. Even in times approaching our own, this phenomenon is common. For some decades the only result of the investigations of electromagnetism by Oersted and Faraday in the first part of the nineteenth century was a small magneto capable of imparting a shock to a person holding the electrodes when the armature was turned. This parlor toy was actually a high-voltage alternator, but until the 1880s there was no more demand for an electric power generator

CARL DREHER, engineer turned writer, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

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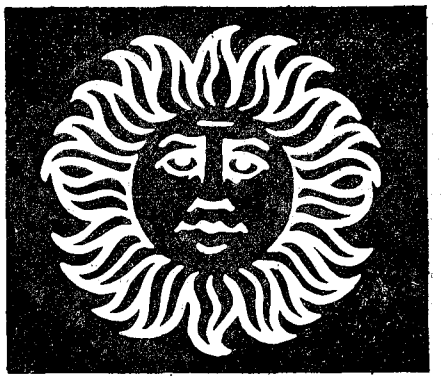
than for Hero of Alexandria's steam turbine of some twenty centuries earlier.

A new device, White says, "merely opens a door; it does not compel one to enter." The upshot of the Frankish military technology, based on the feudal system, was the Norman conquest of England. The Anglo-Saxons knew and used the stirrup but they lagged far behind the Franks in development of the new methods of warfare which the stirrup made possible, and in the equally indispensable social integration. Harold and his thanes rode stirruped horses, but they dismounted to do battle. At Hastings Harold fought without cavalry; it was a conflict, then, between the military techniques of the seventh century and those of the eleventh. After his victory, William rapidly modernized, i.e., feudalized, the kingdom, spreading across the Channel the military and social revolution which Martel had initiated.

I HAVE reviewed only the first essay of White's book. The second is "The Agricultural Revolution of the Early Middle Ages," the third and longest, "The Medieval Exploration of Mechanical Power and Devices." All three essays are important for students of technological history, but I shall confine myself to the implications of the first treatise in relation to our own situation.

The basic argument is consistent with modern sociological thought. If, as Marx taught and as scarcely anyone now disputes, the means of production determine, or at least strongly influence, the structure of society, it follows that the means of destruction must have a like effect, the more so because in modern technology weapons and productive machinery are inseparable and interactively linked. The laser is a current example. Its possible applications are medical, biomedical and surgical; industrial (special drilling, machining and welding); communicative (especially suitable for signaling and power transmission in space); ranging (interplanetary radar) —and as a weapon system. In this last connection it appears to have possibilities both as a "death ray" and an anti-missile missile. In a recent address, General Curtis E. LeMay, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, referred to future "beam-directed energy weapons" and said the Soviet Union as well as the United States was studying such systems. Engineers who never gave the slightest credence to the Nike-Zeus and regarded the death ray as a Buck Rogers fancy do not rule out either application for the laser, although neither is as yet beyond the feasibility-study stage.

Without going far into the technics of it: these wonders will be performed by treating light as a form of radio energy. It has been known since Clerk-Maxwell's work in the 1870s that radio and light waves are both electromagnetic oscillations, but from an electronic standpoint, light was a disorderly and intractable form. Now, as B. M. Oliver puts it in an important paper ("Some Potentialities of the Optical Maser," *Proceedings of the IRE*, Feb., 1962) the laser (optical maser is an alternative name) "offers for the first time a means of producing and amplifying coherent light and therefore opens up the optical spectrum for exploitation by all of the techniques currently used in the radio spectrum." The key word is *coherent*: it means we can produce light at a single frequency and concentrate energy at that frequency, as one does in tuning radio transmitters and receivers. But because light waves are extremely short, with lengths measured in hundred-millionths of a centimeter, the laser enables the engineers, and the soldier-scientists, to concentrate energy at intensities hitherto inconceivable. Hence, in surgery, retinal welding is one potential application; and, at the opposite



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pole, the possibility arises of vaporizing an approaching ICBM.

Can a sharper contrast be imagined than the one between this fantastic device—which is only one of many the scientists and engineers are throwing at us—and the stirrup which White has patiently pursued through the horse-and-rider graves, the iconography and whatever else could be resurrected of the life of the early Middle Ages? Note also the pace of developments. "The acceptance or rejection of an invention," White remarks, "or the extent to which its implications are realized if it is accepted, depends quite as much upon the conditions of a society, and upon the imagination of its leaders, as upon the nature of the technological item itself." Our leaders are not lacking in this respect. All military inventions are eagerly accepted and the galloping technologies (the image is better suited to the times of which White writes than to our own) accelerate in a few years from aircraft speeds of a few hundred miles an hour to orbital rocket speeds of 18,000 miles per hour and escape speeds of 25,000 miles per hour, and the research and development people are working on propulsion means that may produce speeds of the order of millions of miles per hour. As for explosives, we zoom from the ten-ton "blockbusters" of World War II, to the TNT equivalent of 20,000 tons at Hiroshima, to a single explosion of more than 50 million tons in the most recent Soviet test series.

WHILE science and technology are thus providing a whole new environment for mankind, the psychological and social impulsions of the leaders are as tribal as those of the Celts and Visigoths. The United States, Edward Teller testifies before the House Science and Astronautical subcommittee, must at all costs gain control of the moon. "We need the moon for our own safety," he says, like a teen-age gangster defending his alleyway. LeMay, promoting "man in space" —the current Air Force appropriation-cry—declares that "our national security in the future may depend on armaments far different from any we know today, and believe me they won't be ultimate weapons either." He looks forward to an indefinite continuation of the arms race, perhaps with "weapons that strike with the speed of light," with as much equanimity as if he were talking of lancers on horseback. From history he appears to have learned nothing. He gives no evidence of having either the time or the inclination to read books dealing with technology as the catalyst of social change. And Teller, who might qualify as an educated man in some respects, is as blindly militaristic as LeMay.

Between these extremists and the most liberal members of the government there are differences only in detail — whether to invest a few billions in the RS-70 or in more missiles, etc. There is no peace representation: the loyalty testers and opinion manipulators long ago excluded from participation in government anyone who does not subscribe to the shibboleths of the cold war and the nuclear-spatial arms race. Prophylaxis against a possible recrudescence of sanity is provided by systematic official and unofficial muggings of citizens suspected of deviation from the accepted doctrine that private enterprise was handed down from Mt. Sinai.

If, by the grace of God more than by the good will and good sense of statesmen, nuclear war is avoided, the Western social systems still cannot remain intact while technology, under military direction and with government financing, sweeps on apace and the contributions that science might make to social stability are ignored or suppressed. If the men of action do manage to bring on their war, the instrumentalities in existence, let alone those coming downstream, may conceivably wipe out the human race. Should any considerable national populations remain, the ensuing cultures will most likely be of a character beside which the Frankish culture will seem the embodiment of elegance and enlightenment.

If such perspectives as those White proffers could penetrate to the councils of government, both the actual virtues of American democracy, and the human race itself, would have a better chance of survival. But the controls are in the hands of activists who, judging by their works, for the most part literally do not know what they are doing. The thinker can only present his thoughts. White presents his very effectively. His is a scholarly work, copiously footnoted, but text and annotations alike are precise and trenchant. The research must have been laborious; the reading is not.

What Theatre Really Is

RETURN ENGAGEMENT. By Norris Houghton. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 214 pp. $5.

Harold Clurman

HAVING WRITTEN in *Moscow Rehearsals* an account of the Soviet theatre in 1934-35, Norris Houghton returned to Russia in 1960 and took up the theme again. The result is another excellent volume—vivid, factual, intimate in tone, unaffected in manner, written from an informed understanding of the theatre.

The book is valuable not only for its picture of one of the most active theatre cultures in the world—236 different productions, Houghton tells us, were offered in Russia in the space of sixteen days —but for its definition by inference of what Theatre really is. For we do not know the Theatre in America — only "productions" and the talent they may reveal, the entertainment they may offer.

A Theatre is a body of dramatic craftsmen dedicated as a unit to a continuous effort to achieve its character or style so that it may make a statement (or a series of statements); in this it resembles the individual artist who struggles to develop the soundness, clarity and eloquence of what he has to say. The quest is impelled by an aesthetic and/or moral ideology, a faith of some kind that integrates and gives meaning (thus an identity) to the group's work as a whole. The impulse arises as a response to some felt need of the group's potential audience (a phase of the spirit of the times), while the group in turn helps create in that audience a consciousness of self.

One of the most significant passages of Houghton's book begins:

> To the farewell call I had made on Stanislavski in 1935 I had taken with me a clipping from a New York newspaper, and which I read to him. The clipping told of an anticipated recreation of our University Players, which had disbanded early in the depression. In order, I believe, to distinguish this group's point of view from that of the Group Theatre, the other young American theatre organization of the 1930s . . . the press release about the University Players had said that we had "no political, social, or artistic credo to promote: it only wants to present good plays well done." When I had finished reading the clipping Stanislavski . . . said, "I think such a statement is meaningless. Everybody wants to present good plays well done. I never heard of anyone who made it his aim to present bad plays badly. That is no basis on which to create a theatre. . . ."

The University Players to which

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Houghton refers had among its actors some of the most talented young people of the day—Henry Fonda, James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan—but as a group (that is, as a Theatre) it never got started. The group shared no idea or specific conviction to enable them to persevere together, no spiritually fortifying motive to help them see and act beyond their ambitions for individual accomplishment and success. When private aims alone obtain among the individuals of a production unit, no coherent audience can be gathered around it—only customers.

What it means to form, maintain and preserve a Theatre is well illustrated in Houghton's book. The kind of schools that are attached to the various Soviet theatres—their curriculum and methods—the nature and mood of rehearsals (so different from ours), the variety of styles and technical approaches which each group practices, are all described in sufficient detail to illuminate the distinction between true theatre and a show shop. We are enlightened, we are inclined to envy and, hopefully, some of us are moved to emulate.

What appears most concretely is that, while the Soviet theatre is recovering from the comparative inanition induced by the Stalin-Zdhanov inquisition (the fight against "formalism," which was waged between 1937-57), it is still constrained by a too narrow and mechanistic interpretation of its social mission. That leads to banality and a sentimental primitivism in playwrighting. However, its structure and foundation are still sufficiently sound to make it once again a model for study by all who love the theatre.

Jaurès: Noblest of Failures

THE LIFE OF JEAN JAURES. By Harvey Goldberg. University of Wisconsin Press. 590 pp. $12.

Alexander Werth

EVER SINCE I have known France intimately (and that takes me back to the 1920s) Jaurès has been a lofty legend, a name for Socialists, Communists and, indeed, anybody on the Left to conjure with, a name given to thousands of *rues, places* and *avenues* in all the more or less truly "republican" parts of France. The Communist *Humanité* still carries below its title, "Founded by Jean Jaurès," and leaders of the French Socialist Party (whether Blum or Mollet) have seldom taken up even the most questionable of attitudes without using Jaurès as an alibi. "Jaurès would have approved. . . . We are following in the footsteps of Jaurès." And so on. To more official France, Jaurès has always been *le grand tribun*, a lofty phrase which suggests, however, that he was a great windbag, a sort of pre-1914 Edouard Herriot, oozing French culture and un-Marxist benevolence.

What Jaurès would actually have done in August 1914, or at the Congress of Tours in 1920, when the Communists broke away from the Socialist Party, or in the days of the *Cartel des Gauches* in 1924 remains a mystery. His assassination by a half-crazy Royalist on July 31, three days before Germany declared war on France, is, dramatically and historically, the perfect ending to a great man's career. He died together with his epoch.

Jaurès has come down in history as the man who, until the last moment of his life, waged a relentless battle for the preservation of peace and who believed, even after Austria had declared war on Serbia, that the international solidarity of the Socialist parties could still avert the cataclysm. Only two days before, he had been assured at Brussels by a representative of the German Social-Democrats that his party would on no account vote for the government's war credits. Jaurès had been murdered before he was forced to face the agonizing choice of saying Yes or No to Poincaré and his *union sacrée.*

THERE are many books on Jaurès — Rappoport's, Auclair's, Zévaès' and others — but none is as complete, well documented and well written as Harvey Goldberg's. It should remain the standard biography of Jaurès for generations to come. Goldberg has no ax to grind; he no more tries to prove that Jaurès was a Communist *avant la lettre*, than that he was (heaven forbid!) the ancestor of Blum or Mollet. He fits Jaurès into his period — that is, into the twenty-five years before World War I, when it was still possible to believe wholeheartedly in justice, progress and the power of international working-class solidarity. France was enjoying her *belle époque;* but in this *belle époque* millions of workers and farm laborers continued to live in deep poverty, often earning less than $100 a year. There was endless scope for reform. Jaurès was, in Trotsky's phrase, "an eclectic of genius"; for all his revolutionary temperament, he also had in him a "possibilist" streak that allowed him to distinguish between "good" and "bad" capitalist governments, to support, when necessary, the Dreyfusard Waldeck-Rousseau and anti-clerical Combes governments, and to be tolerant, for example, of Briandism (on the ground that Briand's pension law was at least a step in the right direction). And although a *grand bourgeois* like Caillaux was far from being an attractive character, Jaurès supported him for the supremely good reason that he — the Caillaux of Agadir — was the only man of his class determined to avert a collision with the Kaiser's Germany. To Jaurès nothing mattered as much as peace.

WAS Jaurès, then, merely a vulgar reformist? Goldberg conclusively shows that nothing is further from the truth: Jaurès genuinely believed that only a Socialist society could ultimately do away with the contradictions and iniquities of the cynical French capitalism of 1890-1914; but he also realized that socialism did not yet have a sufficient

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following to bring about a new society. Meanwhile, the maximum concession should be extracted from the French parliamentary system.

Goldberg makes a particularly brilliant analysis of Jaurès' attitude to Marxism:

> What he derived from Marxism was significant, though limited; it centered largely around the critique of capitalist production. Conspicuously absent were Jaurès' references to the *Communist Manifesto* and its sharply etched tableau of the class struggle. . . . In the eclectic socialism of Lucien Herr and *La Revue Socialiste*, in their emphasis on the traditions of the French Revolution and earlier Utopian socialism, he drew inspiration for the idealism and democratic faith which always modified his commitment to Marxism.

Jaurès was the great and eloquent spokesman of the underdog, and an immensely inspiring figure in French public and parliamentary life; he was in the grand tradition of the French Revolution and a figure comparable, in his own way, to the Victor Hugo of *Les Châtiments*. Not that he did not have certain weaknesses. An admirer of Jules Ferry, he failed to face the full implications of French colonialism, notably in Algeria; although he played an important part in the Dreyfus Affair, especially in showing up the Henry forgeries, he had taken longer than others, like Zola, to grasp the full significance of the case; and in his defense of the German social-democrats against Charles Andler's sensational charges of nationalism, his arguments were pathetically weak. Despite his admiration for Jaurès, Goldberg does not deny his errors and weaknesses. For his is an admirably balanced book, free of all camouflage, concealment and intellectual dishonesty.

No doubt, Jaurès has left his mark on French history; and yet, he belongs very much to a past era. I hope Harvey Goldberg follows up *Jaurès* with the story of French socialism since 1914. Both World War I and the Congress of Tours — the latter a direct result of the Russian Revolution — have, somehow, a more direct bearing on the present world than have the great years of Jaurès, when despite everything, French parliamentary democracy still flourished in a relatively simple and optimistic world, and had a clear purpose and driving force which it has never succeeded in fully regaining.

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MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S explanation for the omission of about a third of the Bach *St. Matthew Passion* from his performance of the work with the Philharmonic on April 21 was typically disarming, if not entirely convincing. Had these "inevitable sacrifices," which he acknowledged to be deplorable in a work that "is all gold and no dross" not been made, it would apparently not have been possible "to bring this monumental creation to our subscribers" as "an entity." But both Mr. Bernstein's assumption that the only sacrifice entailed by such cutting was of "somebody's favorite moment," and the nature of the actual cuts themselves, are symptomatic of the quality of musical intelligence by which every aspect of the performance was guided.

One's sympathy for Mr. Bernstein's practical difficulties is considerably decreased by the fact that he thought it possible, after excising major portions of a work whose every element is in precise formal balance, still to present "this monumental creation" as "an entity." Superficially, of course, the *St. Matthew Passion*, like the other late Bach choral works of which it is the most imposing, presents a surface design of seeming simplicity and conventionality — a succession of "numbers" whose outer proportions are regular and predictable. Thus it may have seemed to Mr. Bernstein that, even after eliminating a large number of admittedly "golden" arias, recitatives and chorales, there would remain enough equally inspired similar pieces to convey the essence of the whole.

But the "simplicity" of Bach's late works is entirely on the surface, and actually indicates the increasing degree of subtilization that took place throughout his creative life. For this very reason, Bach's early music, especially the cantatas — by virtue of its frequent formal contrasts and abrupt sectionalization, which lend it the appearance of high "dramatic" intensity — often appears far more "original" than the later work. The asymmetrical outer proportions of the early works, however, conceal a rhythmic and harmonic phraseology that is itself rather symmetrical and square; whereas the conventional formulas adopted later serve principally as firm referential frames for intricate internal constructions in which phrase-patterns rarely repeat identically, and every note is an important modification of the total context, while ultimate formal balance is reached only at the conclusion of an entire work.

IN THE *St. Matthew Passion* this structural procedure, extended to its furthest imaginable limits, controls every detail of a work that lasts more than three hours and contains nearly eighty individual "numbers." The most remarkable aspect of this form is its construction on several levels, all of which contribute to the steady progression toward the culmination in the final chorus. Thus the over-all tonal movement is not only mirrored in the harmonic detail and in the connections among successive sections, but also in the parallel development of three formal groups, whose members are interspersed with one another: the recitatives of the Evangelist, which carry the narration; the arias, which are dramatically the points of reflection, and the chorales, which represent in their succession the purest distillation of the formal design. Every stage of the development is heard in reference to the extended choruses at the beginning and end, whose tonal relation marks both the total progression of the work and the internal connective procedure.

The most concentrated instance of this parallelism is in the five versions of the so-called Passion chorale, the last of which immediately follows the death of Jesus. In its first three appearances the melody is harmonized identically, but drops a half-step each successive time, in obvious reference to the gradual progress of Jesus toward the grave. At its fourth appearance, the harmonization is more chromatic and complex, and foreshadows the modal change from major to minor that the melody takes in the fifth version. In that final form, the pitch-level is still lower, the harmonization has been greatly intensified, and the tonal ambiguity of each phrase-ending creates the highest point of tension in the entire *Passion*. The relation between the final chord of this chorale and the recitative that immediately follows (describing the rending of the veil of the temple and initiating the final resolution) reflects that between the first and last choruses, implicitly identifying the particular moment with the over-all dramatic movement.

Plainly, any attempt to condense such a structure must recognize the necessity to preserve this essential tissue of con-

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nections which, far more than the individual events, determines the "entity" of the *St. Matthew Passion.* It almost seems that the only way to achieve this would be to recompose the remaining sections, but that might be expected to prove a discouraging undertaking, even for a musician as devoted to his subscribers as Mr. Bernstein. The quality of his present approach to this difficult problem may perhaps best be indicated merely by mentioning his omission of the fourth version of the crucial Passion chorale, which makes nonsense of the entire sequence described above.

IN FACT, the reasons for all of Mr. Bernstein's deletions remain obscure — except for the obvious motive of avoiding the most difficult solo and choral numbers (one of which also requires a viola da gamba) — if one assumes that they have proceeded from an understanding in some way commensurate with his enthusiastic public appreciation of the work. On the purely narrative level, for example, how can one justify the omission of Judas' bargain with the high priests, since on that depends the ironic bite of Judas' question to Jesus, *"bin ich's* (is it I)? And despite Mr. Bernstein's expensive use of a huge chorus, and his placement of it on the stage in front of the orchestra, he nevertheless almost eliminated its crucial dramatic and musical function in the second part, where the fast tempo and diatonic harmony of the omitted choruses emphasize the slowly unfolding chromatic intensification in the solo parts. More subtly baffling are omissions like that of the alto recitative and aria ('Erbarmes Gott") that culminate a tonal tension carefully built up through the preceding section—which was included, and whose cadence was thus made completely futile by the sudden embarkation to new areas. If the complete *Passion* did not exist for comparison, such a "moment" — whoever's favorite it may be — would certainly have to be regarded as a serious compositional faux pas.

THE destructive simplicity of Mr. Bernstein's editorial approach was also unfortunately characteristic of other aspects of his performance. One wonders if the large forces employed were intended as a gesture of compensation, by the textural thickness they produced, for the curtailment of time-length. Or whether an English text was used to restore some measure of the intelligibility lost in the abridgment, although it had the quite opposite effect of destroying the close interconnection between the structure of the vocal line and the phonemic and accentual construction of the original German text. As a whole, the performance that emerged hardly merits serious criticism. From the outset, the instrumental and choral parts revealed a strong disinclination to synchronize rhythmically, and Bernstein's interpretative conception consisted principally of maintaining a purely metrical phrasing, in contradiction of the special relation in the work of phrase-rhythm to meter. The "romantic" aspect necessary to every Bernstein performance was here manifest in the greatly elongated retardations at the ends of chorales and concerted movements, by means of which cadences were achieved by sheer frictional drag; in the sudden dynamic swellings in the midst of otherwise uninflected phrases, and in the alternate inaudible whispering and hoarse shouting of the chorus (the latter sometimes accompanied by the percussion of a foot stamping on a wooden platform).

Mr. Bernstein seemed particularly helpless before the recitatives, which he performed as disjointed fragments in a slow, portentous tempo, with none of the melodic shape, formal impulsion, and tight connectivity that one can hear in, for example, the recorded performance by Scherchen (Westminster 4402; 4 records). Scherchen's performance (which has, to be sure, some of the same flaws as Bernstein's, notably the end-of-movement drag), also reveals the wealth of rhythmic articulation generated by harmonic and melodic movement within an even metric and dynamic framework, and the aerated texture essential to the projection of Bach's counterpoint, in which the basses must be kept from absorbing and blurring the individual timbral lines while clearly articulating their own. Mr. Bernstein not only seemed entirely unaware of such possibilities of large formal articulation, but was unsuccessful in clarifying the simplest texture. Consequently, he hardly even attempted to balance his elephantine total force.

Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the performance of the soloists also suffered from the prevalent absence of discipline, except for William Wildermann, who sang the part of Jesus with great distinction. After all, Mr. Wildermann has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, where even five-hour works like *Die Meistersinger,* which are certainly not "feasible for a regular concert program," are nevertheless performed in their entirety.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT first appeared in this country a year or so ago with *The 400 Blows,* a lyric but almost documentary study of a Parisian boy in deep trouble. Now in *Jules and Jim* he offers a work of decadent high romance—a tour de force carrying hints of terror beneath its gay, melancholy and noble surface.

The protagonists of the title (Jules is Austrian, Jim is French) are first seen as Bohemian youths in the Paris of about 1910. They share money, enthusiasms and girls, roistering arm in arm through the late night streets. This is exquisitely nostalgic material, the cinematic methods, even the grainy film itself, recalling the work of such an early master as René Clair. Then Jules meets Catherine, and the principle of all pleasures shared comes to a quick end. He introduces her with a shy warning to his pal, and the pal understands. In any event, it is now 1914 and war breaks the idyll (again the film offers remarkable period material, much of it I think resurrected from World War I signal corps annals). Jules and Jim both fight, fearing death for themselves less than that each may kill the other.

When peace comes, Jim goes off to visit his now-defeated comrade, and finds him living in a chalet, surrounded by the gentlest of mountain scenery and engaged in gentle nature studies. Catherine is with him, and there is now a little daughter; but, as Jules soon explains, his marriage has become a Calvary because Catherine is openly—disdainfully—unfaithful. He has always taken her back, and always will, because she has become his definition of life and he must accept her on whatever terms. One sees him, though, not as a man in love, but as one in thrall.

It soon becomes plain that Jim is to be Catherine's next lover, and indeed he moves from a neighboring inn to the chalet for the purpose—Jules helping to carry his bags. But this affair is brief,

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as apparently are all of Catherine's affairs. She cannot be faithful to Jules because he is her slave, and she cannot remain long with any man who is not her slave.

The picture spins dizzily from this point—its early gaiety increasingly lost in an enveloping fog of catastrophe—to the death of Jim and Catherine, as contrived by Catherine. It ends in a macabre, almost surrealist, series of detailed scenes at the crematorium, from which Jules walks away with his shoulders visibly straightening in relief from a heavy burden long carried: the burden of obsessed love for Catherine, obviously, but also perhaps the burden of an unacknowledged love for Jim. Because there are moments when the relationship between the two men is at least equivocal, and I think Catherine's relentless behavior may be in part explained by her sense of being excluded from an intimacy which her intense femininity savagely resents. Back in the early days she had once jumped into the Seine to divert Jules and Jim from each other; at the end she carries Jim with her into a river from which they do not return. It is she who decides which of the possible unions shall be forever.

Aside from that, the two men represent the romantic and generous love of life that recalls the Greek ideal; Catherine springs from an older and darker cult, in which power resides in fertility, in which passion and slavery, ecstasy and death, are allied in mystery. Catherine is not only beautiful, she is almost supernaturally deserving of love. But it is a love that consumes to bear fruit.

Visually, *Jules and Jim* is a superb film. Truffaut has a marvelous sense of period, both in décor and in technique, and he moves his action with a feverish staccato that serves the violent pressures beneath his sometimes frivolous, sometimes poignant surface. His cast, which performs with the rich ease and suggestiveness of actors completely caught up in the situation, are Oskar Werner, Henri Serre and Jeanne Moreau.

TO PARAPHRASE a probably apocryphal book review by Abraham Lincoln, *Whistle Down the Wind* is the kind of picture that will be liked by people who like this kind of picture. Not me.

Hayley Mills, who is Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm if ever there was one, here surprises a bearded, injured and exhausted fugitive in her father's barn. "What's your name?" she asks. "Jesus Christ!" he exclaims in relief that his discoverer is a child and not the police, and faints dead away.

Thereupon, Miss Mills and her younger brother and sister, and very soon all the child population of the surrounding farm country, form themselves into a band of early Christians, feeding the Son of God and shielding Him from the cruel hostility of the adult world. One disciple is forced to deny Him thrice (I don't recall a cock crow, though there may have been one) and there are other Biblical parallels. Eventually, of course, the secret leaks, and the constables arrive to drag the recluse away (he is wanted for murder in a nearby town) through ranks of more stricken children than I should have thought could be living in this small British community.

The picture (produced by Richard Attenborough and directed by Bryan Forbes) is very prettily made in a restrained, British version of Disney glucose. The children are attractively childlike, but I sometimes got the uneasy—and I am sure quite incorrect—feeling from their darting eyes that Mr. Forbes had carried a whip. As for the "message," the use of the Christian legend for sentimental ends always strikes me as sacrilegious, sacrilege being the display of bad taste in the area of religion.

There is nothing spiritual about the young ruffian who is mistaken for Christ; he appears to be a brutish criminal of limited intelligence—and the expression of resigned agony that "transfigures" his face is induced by a bullet wound or a sprained ankle acquired in flight. It is true that he is somewhat moved by the adoration of the children; also, it provides him with a momentary hope of escape from his untenable hideout. But he lacks the wit to be amused, let alone abashed, by the misunderstanding. Similarly, his flock strikes me as simple-minded even for a backward rural community—all except one Doubting Thomas who is too young for his skeptical views to be heeded by the others. The afternoon performance I attended was jammed with school children on holiday, and I wondered whether they were being as confused by the lesson of the film as I was. Probably they decided it was cute.

Street Picture

When the sun is low and long
shadows weep across the hot
pavement, you venture out
young girl, dressed in red, your long
black hair swinging like something
to be caught.

Sunlight glistens in your skin; heat
intoxicates, and in a swift
gesture of excess, you lift
your arms up to a palm's bright
leaves, touching them as one might
touch a gift.

About your red falls cloak of green
and light, so dazzled, flows
toward you till each color glows
gold in its apogee. Lean,
linked, only your shadow can
mock your pose.

Susan A. Moore

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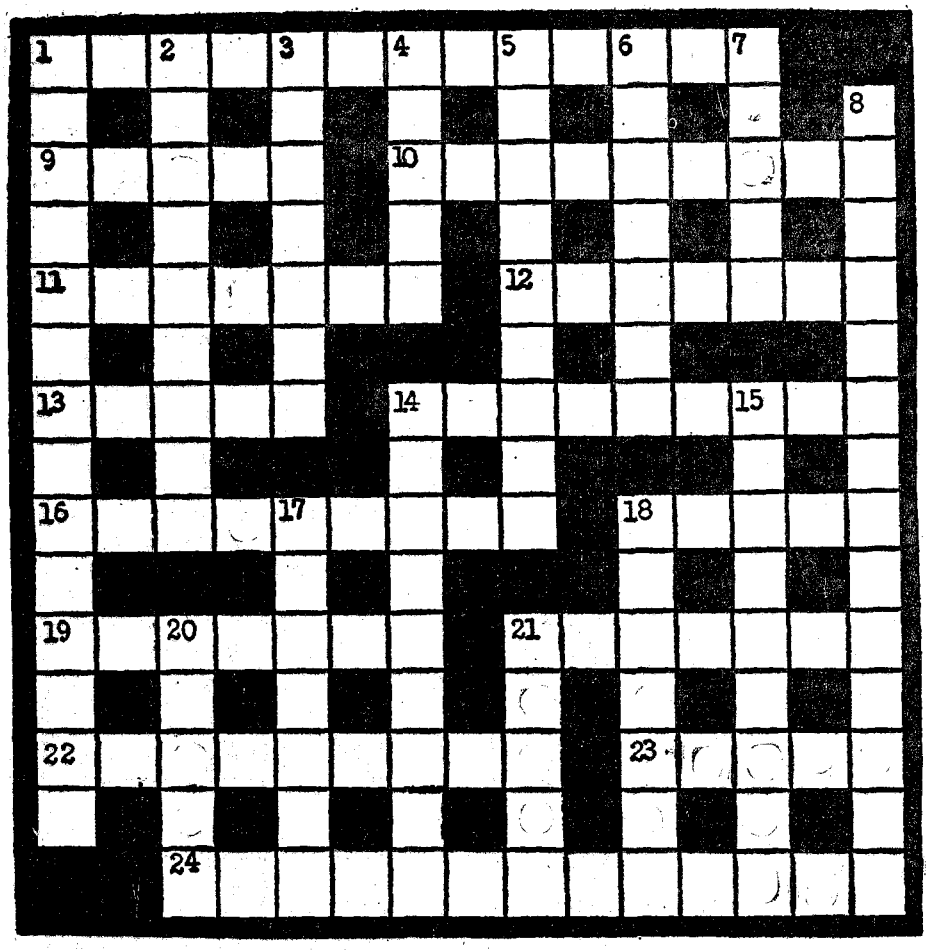
Crossword Puzzle No. 962

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Going to work on the other hand, if exposed, should give some muscles a work-out. (8, 5)
9, and 1 down Not wall-to-wall carpeting, but suggests the camping equipment is spread around the neighborhood. (5-2-5, 7)
10 Invested with bodily form, but an auto is not acquired without. (9)
11 If learning is unsound, one might have to supply a nut salad to every one. (7)
12 Doubling the melody at an appropriate interval? Bacon had a new Latin preface for it. (7)
13 Find me in last place. Correct! (5)
14 The sort of bus one catches for Banbury? (9)
16 Certainly not a bright fellow, polished, with a blushing manner. (9)
18 This wan't true for the Mikado's billiard sharp. (5)
19 It might keep you from becoming ill, but it's of little account in the case of ivy. (7)
21 His pair is likely to be high at times. (7)
22 Referring perhaps to a suit or a trial's outcome. (9)
23 The corner of a famous mountain glen? (5)
24 Razzle-dazzle palms shouldn't be very large, by the sound of it. (7-2-4)

DOWN:

2 Would Monte Cristo's widow be quite a lot? (9)
3 Does it take one quarter to pull fish up? (7)
4 Getting the horse laugh? Positively not a sound! (5)
5 Implying at least two groups are in an itchy mood! (9)
6 Is it the same rig seen? Not really.
7 Why make money for long? (5)
8 Schaefer? What a dog! (6, 8)
14 Chewed on the wrong limb, with poor spirit? What a blow! (9)
15 Eating raw flesh? Ham? Pig? A couple of things signifying nothing, in a way! (9)
17 Shoots up from it, from the upper surface. (7)
18 Funny fellow, if loud in the city. (7)
20 Waxes like a goddess? (5)
21 Is it appropriate to turn to everybody first? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 961

ACROSS: 8 Foundation stone; 9 Abased; 10 Reissued; 11 Verb; 13 Deathwatch; 15 Antonym; 16 and 2 down Accountants; 19 Authorship; 21 Flew; 22 Bowl over; 24 Crafty; 26 Differentiation. DOWN: 1 Double pneumonia; 3 Candidly; 4 Diurnal; 5 Enrich; 6 Utes; 7 Interconnection; 12 Booth; 14 Aloof; 17 Capuchin; 18 Shoring; 20 Rovers; 23 Life; 25 Acts.

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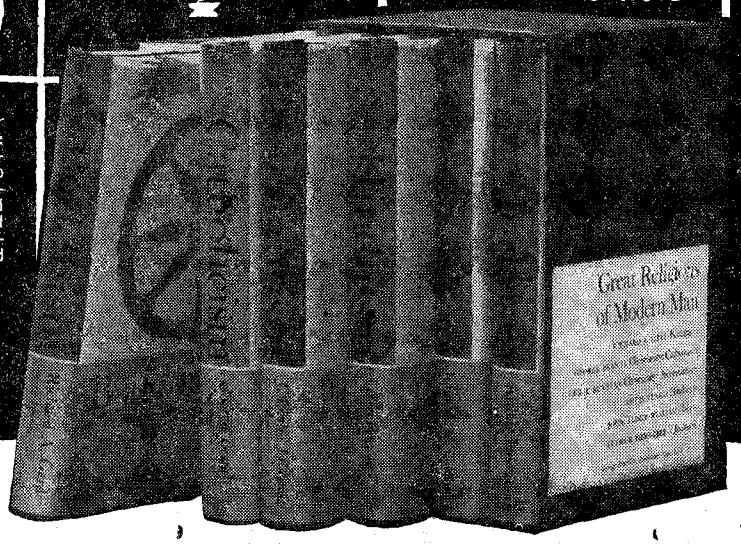

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